That evening I decided to T-167
sooth my ruffled sensabilities by preparing a particularly delicate ragout for my supper. I have some little skill in cookery which I acquired some years previous to the events here related, in the course of a certain criminal investigation that I conducted at the behest of a noted English detective who had been unable to solve the case himself, — his name escapes me at the moment, but I believe he resided in Baker Street, London. The nature of this case required that I pose as a domestic servant for a considerable space of time. It happened to receive information to the effect that Mrs. Aston-Guilbwhistle-Fletcher, of Peckerby-on-Tyne, in Surrey, was in urgent need of a skilled cook. Her chef, Herr Fritz Wolfgang von Remerhagen, a great master of the art, had suddenly and unexpectedly passed away the preceding day. It seems that he had prepared a dish of Beef Stroganoff; leaving it momentarily unattended, he was the victim of a crude joke by a certain wag among the domestics, who substituted for Herr Remerhagen's dish the contents of a can of commercial Beef Stroganoff. Returning. Herr

Thank you for Confidence. I Am now reading some. Glad liked the adventures of Mr. Thurgoo Did you get both episodes? Episo 1 was the one with [illegible] episode 2 was the one with the meeting of the Anthropological Society. If you haven't read both, know and I'll fill you in. Episode 3 I put into a letter to Stella, which, however, I never sent, because I didn't want to encourage her to write me, her letters are so disgusting. So I enclosing that letter, for your benefit. Episode 4 follows:

In consideration of the directi of the great detective cited at the en of the last episode, I concluded th the remote ancestors of the Dutch h embarked from South Africa on rafts; carried by the prevailing wes winds, they had eventually reached the Isthmus of Panama. Crossing the Isthmus on foot, they had either ca their rafts with them or built new ones on the other side, and embarking again, had been carri into the North Sea. Unfortuna the bigotry and prejudice of my critics had led them to doubt th possibility of such a journey.

The experiment which I was revolving in my mind was to personally embark from South Af on a primitive raft, and by duplicating the voyage described o prove its feasibility. As will

Remenhagen tasted this dish
under the impression that it
was his own creation. He
immediately took to his bed and
died of shame and mortificatio
within a few hours. As it
happened, Mrs. Aston-Guildenb
-Fletcher was to give a dinner b
two days after Herr Remenhag
unfortunate demise. The guests
among whom were several persons
the highest station, had already
been invited, and it was
impossible to call off the affa
without scandal. The menu was
to include Paté de Foie Gras
with Truffles, Turtle Soup,
Couscousou de Chat Parisienne
and other dishes whose preparatio
required the highest culinary sk
Owing to the urgency of the
situation, which precluded any
possibility of verifying references
I was able to secure the positi
merely by asserting that I ha
been for 8 years the personal
chef of the Dauphin of France
a minor prevarication which is
justified by the exigencies of th
important criminal case in whi
I was involved. I had had s
previous acquaintance with ha
cuisine, but, by reading on
eve of the dinner the excellen
little book of Monsieur Adol

seen in the sequel, I did in (2)
fact carry this project through successfully — as is well known to anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with history. (It was from this voyage of mine that Thor Heyerdahl got the idea for his Kon-Tiki expedition.)

I shall refrain from troubling the reader with details of preparations, equipment, etc. Suffice it to say that I embarked from the Cape of Good Hope on November 18, 1934. My careful preparations and consummate seamanship rendered the voyage totally uneventful — despite encounters with typhoons, waterspouts, Malay pirates, and so forth — until I reached the Pacific. It was then that disaster struck in a particularly hideous form.

Upon arising on the Ides of March, 1935, I shaved myself, as was my wont, and, having completed this operation, reached for my bottle of aftershave lotion. Finding it empty I went to fetch another from the supply I had prudently laid in at the commencement of the voyage. Upon opening the fresh bottle, my nostrils were assaulted by a noxious smell which I recognized as the odor of a Vol... [illegible]

widely peddled under the name "Old Spice". Frantically I tore the covers from bottle after bottle — in vain! All, all were filled with "Old Spice"! Of course I chucked the whole lot overboard as I could not dream of applying such a concoction to my epidermis. It was easy to see what had happened. On the eve of my departure the agents of the infamous Neggro had secretly drained from the bottles my personal aftershave lotion — a product of quality, obtainable only on special order from London — and replaced it with the ghastly commercial article, cunningly leaving the first 2 or 3 bottles untouched so that I would not discover the fraud until far from civilization. There was only one thing to do. The nearest place at which postal service was available was Otaheite (or Tahiti, to use the degenerate modern spelling) which lay some 300 miles to the north of my projected course. I accordingly altered course so as to arrive at Tahiti; there I would be obliged to wait for many weeks until a fresh supply of aftershave lotion could arrive from London. In the meantime I would be forced to let my which [illegible]